THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

WILMSLOW

PART 1

THE HESTIA POEMS - SERIES 01

Published by The Foolish Poet Press Ltd at
96 Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire,
SK9 6JD. Printed at The Foolish Press.

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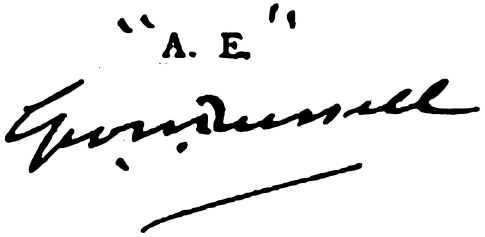
2024

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

HOMEWARD BOUND

“I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am spirit and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way.”

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin.



“Hestia, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honour: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet.”

Homer (8th Century BC (1920)) Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns and Homerica. Translated by H.G. Evelyn-White. William Heinemann: London.

Limited Print Run. This is:

No. ____

SONGS ALONG THE WAY; HOMEWARD BOUND

TITLES OF POEMS IN SERIES 01

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20 (20) - AN ECHO'S HEALING SONG
21 (21) - N FRIENDSHIP WE ARE FREE

ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2022-23) The Hestia Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2024) - Open Library

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin. Poem 1 - T.S. Eliot (1942) Little Gidding. Faber & Faber Ltd; London. “Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.” Poem 2 - Victor Hugo (1840) From the poem Fonction du poète (I) in Œuvres complètes de Victor Hugo - Les rayons et les ombres. J. Hetzel & Co; Paris. (Translated 2021 David Scanlon) - “Why do your exile yourself, O poet.” Poem 3 - Celeste (2001) Strange from the Album Not your muse. Songwriters: Desmond Child, Patrick Benzner, Dave Roth, David Jost, Bill Kaulitz, Tom Kaulitz, Andreas Karlsson. - “Say isn't it strange.” Poem 4 - W.S. Graham (1944) From The Narrator in The Seven Journeys. William MacLellan; Glasgow.- “I am the hawk-hearted braced in the epic’s hero.” Poem 5 - John Keats (1818) From the Poem Endymion. Taylor and Hessey; London. “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”Oscar Wilde (1890 [1921]) The True Function and Value of Criticism; with some Remarks on the Importance of doing Nothing: A Dialogue (concluded). Nineteenth Century, VoL XXVIII. No. 163, page 435 - “Start with the worship of form, and there is no secret in art that will not be revealed to you.” Poem 6 - Albert Camus (1970) Selected Essays and Notebooks, Edited and translated by P. Thody. Peregrine Book: Middlesex - “I know with sure and certain knowledge that a man’s work is nothing but the slow trek to rediscover through the detours of art those two or three great and simple images in whose presence his heart first opened.” Poem 7 - David Scanlon (2021) From Love’s Three Pure Moments in The Ariel Poems; An Echo. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. - “Oh to live with pure love, ever present to.” Poem 8 - T.S. Eliot (1963) From A DEDICATION TO MY WIFE in Collected Poems 1909 - 1962. Faber and Faber; London.- “To whom I owe the leaping delight.” Poem 9 - T.S. Eliot (1942) Little Gidding (III). Faber & Faber Ltd; London. - “ Being between two lives—unflowering, between/ The live and the dead nettle.” Poem 10 - Philip Larkin (1977) Silver Jubilee Urn. Queen Square; WC1. “n times when nothing stood / But worsened, or grew strange, / There was one constant good:/ She did not change.” Poem 11 - Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1907) From The Building of the Ship. Paul Elder and Company; San Francisco. “Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!” Poem 12 - Ocatavio Paz (1990) Octavio Paz Nobel Lecture - In Search of the Present. “Grace means pardon, forgiveness, favour, benefice, inspiration; it is a form of address, a pleasing style of speaking or painting, a gesture expressing politeness, and, in short, an act that reveals spiritual goodness.” Poem 13 - T.S. Eliot (1942) Little Gidding. Faber & Faber Ltd; London. “We shall not cease from exploration.” Poem 14 - A.E. (George William Russell) (1909) The Hero in Man. The Orpheus Series: No 1.. D. N. Dunlop; Hale. “Our deepest life is when we are alone. We think most truly, love best, when isolated from the outer world in that mystic abyss we call soul.” Poem 15 - Anne Carson (1995) The Glass Essay: Whacher & Liberty from Glass, Irony, and God. New Directions Publishing Corporation; New York. “De profundis clamavi ad te Domine.” C.M. Bowra (1954) The Heritage of Symbolism. MacMillan & Co Ltd; London. “The discord between intellect and sensation is settled when the poet accepts life and enters into its activities with an undivided being.” Poem 16 - Stéphane Mallarmé (1897) Divagations: Crise de vers. Bibliothéque-Charpentier; Paris. “Language is imperfect and is why no one language achieves supremacy.” Poem 17 - A.E. (George William Russell) (1904) From Freedom in The Divine Vision and Other Poems. MacMillan & Co Ltd; London. “I love the free in thee, my bird, / The lure of freedom drew.” Poem 18 - Paul Verlaine (1891) From Songs without words: forgotten Arias IV, Translated from Romances sans paroles: Ariettes Oubliées (1891) Leon Vanier; Paris (Page 8) (David Scanlon (2020) - “You see, we must, all of us forgive all / This way we will just be happy to be.” Poem 19 - John O'Donohue (2008) For the Senses from To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings. Crown Publishing Group; London. “May your soul beautify / The desire of your eyes.” Poem 20 - Harold Bloom (2005) Poets and poems. Chelsea House Publishers; Philadelphia. “Poetry cannot heal the organized violence of society, but it can perform a work of healing for the self. Stevens called poetry a violence from within set against the violence of without.” Poem 21 - V. Sackville-West (1946) from the dedication in The Garden. Micheal Joseph Limited; London. “Friendship was made of the quiet hours / Hung between earth and the sky above.” Homer (8th Century BC (1920)) Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns and Homerica. Translated by H.G. Evelyn-White. William Heinemann: London.

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WILMSLOW

2024

Also By The Same Author

The Poet, The Prisoner & The Fool
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Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
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The Poetry Of Life: Seeing Again
Staying Connected
Timeless Truths
Locked Down With Loves Freedom
The Ariel Poems - An Echo
35 Poems
Songs Of Life
Eternal Songs From Memory
Homeward-bound: Songs Along The Way
Unbounded Love
Eternal Songs - Quarterly Poetry Collections

Translations By the Same Author

Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 1) - Fernando Pessoa
Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 2) - Fernando Pessoa
The Keeper of Flocks - Alberto Caeiro
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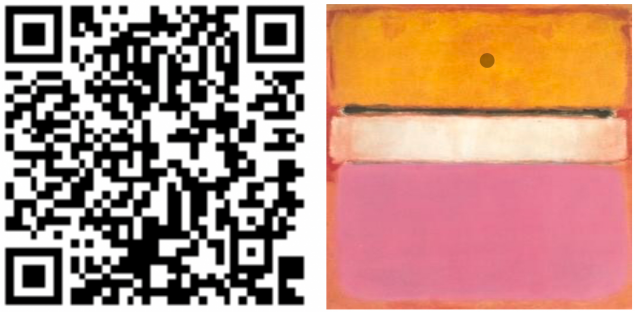


Playlist for Poems (2024) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Mark Rothko (1950) White Center ((Yellow, Pink and Lavender on Rose).

IN FRIENDSHIP WE ARE FREE

For my friends; who gently and kindly respond each day now!

Each day, the mystery of your responses, reveals
Another memory, another friend, and again I feel -
Feel the joys of those who love, and care for me:
For in the kindness of our words we show;
In the patience, born of friendship, I know,
That it is in your kindness I become free!

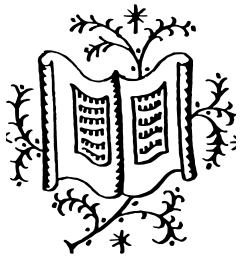
I become freer each day, as your responses reveal
Another moment, another smile, and again I feel -
Feel the care of those I love, and give joy to me:
For in all responses our words they show,
Show with patience, born in friendships flow,
That it is in our loving that we become three!

Each day, the mystery of our eternal love, reveals
Another freedom, another friend, and again I feel -
Feel the love from those who care, I care for thee:
For in the kindness of our words we show;
In the patience, born of friendship, I know,
That it is in our loving that we become free!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY; HOMEWARD BOUND

The Hestia Poems

David Scanlon



The Foolish Poet Press

First published in 2024 by The Foolish Poet Press Ltd,
96 Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire, SK9 6JD

www.foolishpoet.com

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AN ECHO'S HEALING SONG

Words have a way of betraying us,
Into the the belief that we know us,
Without us ever becoming an us:
For we believe in our own words,
Without transcending. Her words,
Chanting in the distance: an echo.

Echo's have a way of teaching us,
That it's possible to know of the us,
Within us, as an ever becoming us:
For faith is the silence-of-words,
Which, transcending in her words,
Sing out from within and heal.

Self-healing is not a betraying of us,
It's the belief that we know of an us,
Without us ever becoming an us:
For we must believe in our words,
Letting the violence out in her words,
Those songs of love, which echo.

HEAVEN MADE

For John O'Donohue: your Love never fades.

One is the wonder unique to all.
Two is there when love gives a call.
Three, without it we cannot be free.
So look and look, and look,
Beyond all looking. To see
A glimpse of all that can be.

Four, it was the harvesting of me.
Five were the jewels within the mere.
Six are the number gathered here.
In your enlightening raid,
Upon the eternal, I saw we
Melting away the absurdity.

Seven the heaven of dazzling light.
Eight the muse who gives delight.
Nine the mysteries of her youth.
Ten togetherness and truth.
Your truth it can never fade,
For it was in heaven made.

"Poetry cannot heal the organized violence of society, but it can perform a work of healing for the self. Stevens called poetry a violence from within set against the violence of without."

EACH MOMENT

No one hath a love, which drains not,
For want of virtue or that heroic stance
Which holds us with it's askance look;
To will one thing is for the purest heart;
Without the baggage, nor hinderance,
They accept anew life's joys and harms.

I have smiled and cried, for love - it is all:
Never far from gazing eyes is her glance,
Holding me with charm, perchance. Look!
Do you see the one with the pure heart,
Waiting with the bags, upon the bridge,
Always waiting to be seen and heard?

Now I let free that bird, which never sang,
Upon the winged fortune, the musical ear;
Behold the dawning, I let enhance. Feel!
Do you feel now this purest of hearts,
Stained and drained, as all of us are
Who accept and renew in each moment.

BE HAPPY

For and from James Elroy Flecker

Speaking words, without seeing your face,
Never feeling your smile, and your embrace,
I send my soul through time and space:
For you are now with me,
Which makes me happy,
As together we are free.

O friends, some unseen, unborn, unknown,
You read out my words, at night, all alone,
As a living poet, without a heart of stone:
For we are now at one.
I have had all of my fun,
In looking towards the sun.

I send you this smile, with bright-eyed love,
Shaped from my faith in her, sitting above,
As a poet, in joy, her love is all I speak of:
So now I live happy,
For you are with me,
Together we are free.

FLY, SOUL

Fly not beyond the reality
That is constantly shaping.
Spin in the cycles of:
Knowingnessless;
Understanfulness.
Computingly still.

Fly free beyond the reality
That is constantly holding.
Wake in the cycles:
Unknowingness-filled;
Understandful-willed;
Computingful-stilled.

Fly, fly, fly on dear soul,
Continuity in the making.
Joyous in the cycles is:
Love’s unknowingness;
Life’s understandfulness.
Live computingly still.

LOVE’S DREAM

Oh why, when the tears fall
must we hide away, in doubt,
when the fear is in our call:
Our longing voices hide
From, the greatest thing,
This thing called love.

Oh why, when the hate calls
must love fade away, in flight,
when we are near to a fall:
Our grieving voices hide
Within, a dream of things,
Things that are not love.

Oh why, when her love calls
must I hide away, in doubt;
with her love I cannot fall -
Let hidden voices sing;
Dreams of pureness bring,
The thing called love.

LOVE'S OURNESS

It seems strange speaking into this world,
Where so many find meaning in egos-ways,
Which requires the desirefullness of need:
A need to see beyond me, not be with me.
Being is required for love in its purest form;
An eternity and a presence without need.

Don't give up, speaking into this, our world,
Where many find meaning in beauties-ways
Which requires her desirelessness as seed:
To see beyond a you and me to our we;
We is her requisite for love in pure form,
An eternity of presence with no form.

I won't give up on you baby, it is our world,
Where we find meaning in friendships-ways
Which requires our desirelessness to feed:
A need to see beyond me, and be our we.
Ourness is required for love in pure form,
A present becoming eternal without need.

LANGUAGE IS IMPERFECT: LOVE ETERNAL

We walked together, for many a year, in joyful isolation,
Which, in our absences, harboured a different truth -
One so unpalatable to bear: that all the fruits of careful
Speech did so little to enhance our living moments
Despite the feelings which insist upon being shown.

For in our passion to do what is right, pragmatism's gift,
We have done unintended harm, in our clumsy ways,
To those who care as deeply but, with life's constraints,
Humbly move and listen and work towards our aims -
We live each day within our known truths, fully shared.

In our many languages none can acquire her place,
For intrinsic in our understanding is humanities fears,
As we live in the past not in the future or her present;
Time being our deepest fear, in our finite place here,
Where our artefacts are the expression our being.

In walking together we have found another way, one
Of laughter and joy and care which challenges reveal:
In our deepest moments of movement lies something,
Seen, but beyond the rational words required of work,
Is humanities deepest unspoken partnership, our love.

UNDIVIDED

I know I am singing to be free,
When you are here beside me,
Breaking boundaries I cannot see:
For you are inside me,
I have become our we,
An undividedness free.

I have tried endlessly to flee,
Can you just not let me be,
Safe in a-control within me:
That I inside of me,
A me without a we,
In dividedness I flee.

We are only ever free as a we,
As we embrace bounties tree,
Let’s not remain between the sea:
For you are inside me,
I have become so free,
An undividedness. A we.

WORDS RE-BORN

I am stopped in my tracks,
Word-washed and worn,
No longer awaiting-wishes:
Wonderment within,
Awoken from without,
Words ache to be born.

Before we begin we are,
Word-washed and worn,
Wondering and wandering:
Wandering within,
Unwoken from without,
Time aching and torn.

She stopped all the clocks.
Love-washed and warm,
I wandered into her arms:
Wonderment within,
Awoken from without,
Words are now reborn.

SHAPED BY LOVE

You are always called by beauty,
Even when darkness is without,
For within is eternities silent light:
    Words, which we poorly use,
    Ignite the sparks between us
    Sharpening and-or shattering

That which we can name. Seeing,
We speak with words which ne'er
Are close to finding the mystery:
    Love, which we poor, know,
    Keeps alive what is between.
    I'm ignited and. And engulfed

By what I allow to just live and be!
Let in the darkness and the light,
For with it is an eternity of beauty:
    Words, which she gives to me,
    Are the sparks between us
    Sharpened; shaped by love.

THIS WORLD

Sweetheart come, to this place I know,
This place of silence in presence, beyond
Beyond all that is practical and of this:
    This world of doing the dishes,
    This world of dicing the fishes,
    This world of creating time.

Sweetheart come, to this place you create,
This place of presence in words, from beyond
Beyond all that can be known from this:
    This world of catching the flies,
    This world of matching the skies,
    This world of moving time.

Sweetheart come, to this place of ours,
This place where friendship meets grace,
Grace in all that can be known from this:
    This world where smiling belongs,
    This world where our love throngs,
    This world of eternal time.

TO MOURN

For All Friends, who Mourn the loss of those they love.

To mourn is to breath afresh
Life of ones long lost care:
Let it not be self-conscious;
Let it not be sentimental;
Let the grief speak to us.

Being here with you today,
Knowing of your love,
Let us not be sorrowful,
Let us not be scared,
Let your light burn still.

The gift you give us all
Is the lyrical love of life:
Let your truth grow,
Let your family speak it,
Your legacy flourishes still.

LOVE EVER PRESENT

Without you speaking, with words of love,
There remained a hidden world within me:
A darkened room anchored in the past
Filled with enchanting, enticing voices,
Each voice speaking of a different way,
A confusion of words without meaning
Wrapped up in a sensible rationality, yet,
Devoid of providing a route to our heart.

Releasing with passion the words of love
Opens up the world of the ever present:
Moving beyond our living everyday needs,
Words of making and living and family,
Appears to be an escape, another place,
Of limited value for the practical-minded,
Wrapped in a mystery and beyond-ness -
Requiring meditation, needed remediation.

Your wisdom comes with words of love
Reminding me forever why we remain one:
Within our truest selves we will find within
That once darkened rooms were light-filled -
Possessed with freshness of the now new
Those simple images, an opening of hearts,
Wrap us up into a common warm home -
The place we were seeking, always present.

LIGHTNESS STAYS

For Margherita D'Antuono - thank you and good luck.

An angel with a smile in place,
So slowly transformed my face,
Calming me to a necessary pace:
    Removed from fantasies flight,
    I no longer needed to fight;
    To darkness I said goodnight!

Calmness and care begets love,
Which slowly transfigures above,
Allowing me to sing of her dove:
    Retained in reveries of flight,
    I am consumed with delight;
    With lightness I say goodnight!

So goodnight dear angel of night,
We know what it means to be right,
But first we must give up the fight:
    As you go on, in another way,
    Take my heart, now at play,
    And I hope a lightness stays!

MOVED BY GRACE

Grief is a leveller, as mud levels our play.
Yet we raise, again, with commitment,
In honour of the lives so truly well lived.
    Can we ascend from this grief,
    Accept the inevitability of it, then
    Move with grace towards our play?

In all our play, the reminiscences stay,
Then in our learned ways, enlightenment.
It is the way which we can choose to live.
    Can we accept from our love
    Ascending is inevitable, then
    Move with grace through our day?

I choose to play, be present to this day.
Raise again in our ways and commit,
In honour of the lives of truth lived.
    Please accept this my love,
    Accept the inevitability of it, then
    Be moved by grace from your play.

A LAST LOVING HUE

For Queen Elizabeth II: Duties Exemplar.

You speak of duty, without her care,
Droning on, with ideologies blank stare,
None of you represent this, our we:
    The faith, the hope we place in you,
    Is shattered in all those of you: blue,
    Red, and yellow, of a political hue.

You speak of truth, without her care,
Droning on, with ideologies blank stare,
None of you represent this, our we:
    The faith, the hope we place in you,
    Is shattered in all those of you: few,
    New, and callow, of journalistic hue.

She spoke of duty, within our care,
Honing truth, with our love, in a stare.
We all, in us, can represent this, our we:
    This faith, this hope, I place in you,
    Shatter delusions, their hue: we, you,
    Let us renew, in her last loving hue.

TOGETHER BOUND BY SILENCE

What is it about that moment,
The one we almost missed,
Which meant we touched each other
In a way few seldom kiss?

To lay amongst your silence
And to be gathered towards your whole
It is here I recognised our growing
As we entwined our souls.

Do others find their silence
As liberating as we do?
And do they miss the moments
Which I often share with you?

How lucky can one person be
To find such fruitful bliss
Lean across my darling
And find a tender kiss.

SEEING BEAUTY

It's the same old story no matter how we sing,
And dance, within the embrace of loves freedom:
That attachment to life's truths and beauty:
When we let go, and be without,
Within the words will flow, for
To love is to live fully filled.

The uniqueness of my story are these, my songs,
Which dance along within your embrace. Freedom
Is acceptance of all life's truths and beauty:
When I let go, and become without,
Within her words just flow, for
To be loved is to live fulfilled.

From our past come all future liberation songs,
To which we dance, when present to loves freedom:
But we must unattach to life as it once was:
When we let go, and see without,
Within the words will flow again
As love is how we see beauty.

LET THE SILENCE PASS

For Queen Elizabeth II: Love Long The Queen.

The monuments capture our silence,
Greyed by time, stable and so cold,
There timelessness transcends us:
As we gather, to once again mourn,
We find solace in a togetherness
Which defines everything we are.

In my outpouring of grief, for loved life,
The stable presence gone, are reveries,
A wordless passing in smiles of grace:
As we gather in these times of grief
We find her love in our togetherness,
Which refines everything about us.

Let the silence pass, let us celebrate,
Let us smile again and fulfil all our duties
To those who mourn more, in their loss:
Let us gather with moments of love,
Then, in humanities togetherness,
Let us define everything we will be.